

The Mirror

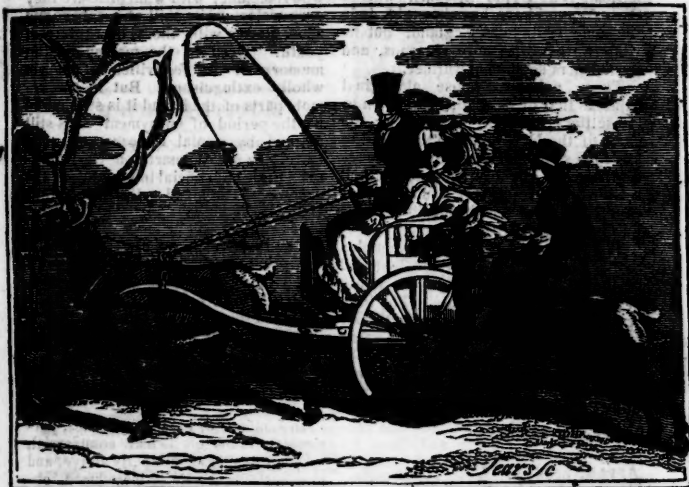
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. VIII.]

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[Price 2d.]

The Wapeti.



Anxious to keep our promise with the public, in rendering our little work a "MIRROR of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction," we shall occasionally give engravings of some of the most remarkable subjects of natural history, accompanied by accurate descriptions. We have selected for our present Number the WAPETI, or Gigantic Elks of the Missouri, which now form one of the attractive exhibitions of the metropolis, and are to be seen at Bullock's Museum, Piccadilly, harnessed and caparisoned as above represented.

The Wapeti are very extraordinary non-descript animals, of the cervus or deer genus, but as large as the horse, and nearly as gentle as the lamb; as they will caress their visitors, and receive food from their hands. Four of these elegant and interesting animals were brought into this country in 1817, and purchased by Lord James Murray at a large price. This Nobleman has succeeded in extending the breed, and has now three generations of them at Datchet, near Windsor; nor has he lost a single one in breeding them.

It is remarkable that the Wapeti have

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scarcely been mentioned by any European naturalist, and the history of them is consequently very limited. They were first introduced into the United States at Baltimore, by a German naturalist, who was employed some years in exploring the Upper Missouri, where they are domesticated by the Indians, drawing their sledges at a rapid rate, and supply them with the most delicious venison as food. They are naturally very timid animals, and at the same time of such power and activity when grown, that it is not possible to take them out of the forest alive. The natives, therefore, catch them in nets when young, and rear them in their houses with great care and kindness: they then use them for carrying burdens; or drawing their sledges in winter over the snow and ice.

In their native wilds, each male Wapeti has his own peculiar family or fraternity; each family its own peculiar range of pasture; and their attachment to each other is so strong, that the hunters know, if they kill one of a family, they can easily get the remainder, who can scarcely be forced from the body of their slain companion.

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Even those now exhibiting have lost none of their natural attachment by being domesticated; they cannot be separated for a moment but by force; and the instant they are parted, they express their distress by a shrill low shriek.—The Upper Missouri, whence these Wapeti have been brought, is in the same latitude as England, but its winters are a little more rigorous, and its summers somewhat warmer.

These animals, whose aboriginal name is that of Wapeti, are known to the settlers in North America by the name of the Elk, and are supposed to be of the same species as the great antediluvian Elk, whose enormous fossil remains are frequently found in that country; and of which specimens may be found in the British Museum.

The head of the Wapeti resembles that of the common American deer and of the horse; but it is pointed, and is in its action like the camel. The legs are admirably formed for strength and activity, resembling those of the race-horse, particularly the hinder legs. On the outside of each of these is a protuberance covered with yellow hair. In this a gland is seated that secretes an unctuous substance, which the animal applies to smooth and dress its coat; and when it is thus dressed, it becomes impervious to rain or to water, even in swimming a river.

The Wapeti has an oblique slit or opening under each eye, of nearly an inch long, which appears to be an auxiliary nostril. The animal has no voice like the horse or the ox, and his organ seems to be given him as a compensation, for with it he can make a noise or loud whistle.

The Wapeti have the cloven foot and chew the cud like an ox; but they have the bridle tusk like the horse. The Wapeti are about twelve years old before they come to maturity, and they are then about sixteen hands high. Their horns, which are nearly five feet in length, weigh upwards of fifty pounds. They live to a great age, so that the Indians, when speaking of an old man, say he is as old as a Wapeti. The food of the Wapeti, in a domestic state, is the same as the horse; and they are, if properly managed, as tractable. Those now exhibited have been tried in harness, in the exhibition-room, where they draw a tilbury admirably.

The Wapeti is justly esteemed the pride of the American forest, and is the handsomest and most noble quadruped yet discovered in that country.

CHRISTMAS.

Amidst the wintry desolation of the present month, the remembrance of a season once anticipated in joyous hope by all ranks of people, recurs to the lovers of "Auld lang syne"—to those who remember with what pleasure they once welcomed its chill atmosphere and snow storms with the vivid rapture of youth. Even in the metropolis the memory of its festivities is not yet wholly extinguished. But in the remote parts of the island it is still hailed as the period of enjoyment—it is still marked by genial appearances; and round the social hearth on Christmas-eve, the less artificial inhabitants of the country will be found as Burns describes them:—

"The lasses feat, an' cleanly near,
More braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs
Gar lasses hearts gang startin',
Whiles fast at night."

In London, as in all great cities, particularly in those which are commercial, where strangers continually arrive, and new customs are daily introduced, observances of a nature similar to those formerly kept at Christmas must soon be lost. That season is accordingly marked here by a few of the pleasantries and simple enjoyments with which it is even now characterized in the country, where we must look for what remains of the customs practised by our ancestors of that season. These relics of old and ridiculous observances, deprived of all their objectionable parts by the improving spirit, of successive years, are hallowed in our memories, and always recall the vernal season of life and its regretted pleasures. In the North they have yet their "fool's plough," and in Cornwall their goose-dancers. The latter still exhibit an old hunch-backed man, called the "King of Christmas," and sometimes the "Father:" like customs may be traced in other countries. The wassil bowl was regularly carried from door to door in Cornwall 40 or 50 years ago; and even now a measure of flip, ale, porter, and sugar, or some such beverage, is handed round, while the yule-log is burning, or stock, as denominated in the western countries. The wassil-bowl is of Saxon origin, and merits notice on an historical account. Vortigern, Prince of the Silures, fell in

love with Rowena, the niece of Hengist, the Saxon warrior. She presented the Prince with a bowl of spiced wine, saying in Saxon, "*Waes Heal Illa-ford Cynig*," which signified, "Be of health, Lord King." Vortigern married her, and thus his kingdom fell to the Saxons. *Waes-heil* thus became the name of the drinking cup of the Anglo-Saxons, and those cups were afterwards constantly used at public entertainments.

In parts of the country remote from the metropolis, the singing of Christmas carols yet usher in the morn'g. After breakfast the busy housewife prepares her plum-puddings, mince-pies, and confectionary, which she decorates with the emblems of the time; a scratch in the dough in the shape of a hay-rack, denoting the manger of the infant Saviour, is one of those emblems most commonly in use. The younger part of the household hunt the garden for evergreens to decorate the interior of the apartments; and the woods are sought to bring home the mistletoe, which is to be suspended in the room where the pleasures of the evening are to take place, and beneath which the "sighing lips," as Moore calls them, of many a lovely girl still continue to be pressed, despite of that coy resistance and those blushes that so much heighten the charms of beauty. They also paint candles of different colours to be lighted up in the evening; a custom, perhaps, borrowed from ancient Romish practice; though some imagine that lighting up houses formed a part of the worship of the Teutonic God, Thor, being one of the ceremonies observed at Juultide, or the feast of Thor, from which it was introduced into the Christian feast of Christmas. Thus, if some part of our Christmas ceremonies was derived from the Saturnalia, another was evidently of Northern origin. The mistletoe was a plant held sacred by the Druids.—The Christmas carols also were, it is probable, *Juul* or *Ule*-songs first sung in honour of the heathen deity; and the use of evergreens may be ascribed to the same origin. In the evening, the *Ule-log*, or Christmas-stock, as at present denominated, is placed on the fire in the principal apartments of the house. The company seat themselves round it, and the cheerful cup is yet handed about, which often contains nothing more than ale in the cottages of the peasantry.

What remains to modern times of Christmas gambols then commences, and ancient Christian plays are even still plainly to be traced among them.

Blindman's-buff, hunt the slipper, the game of the goose, snap-dragon, push-pin, and dancing, form the amusements of the younger part of the assemblage, and cards the elder; though among the more substantial people, as they are denominated in the language of the country-folks, the simpler amusements begin to lose their value. But their very simplicity recalls the memory of past-times; they have a certain charm about them worth all that is artificial, and they would not be bereft of attraction to minds of sensibility, if they were wholly abandoned to the lowly: for they have that in them which is far more endearing than the sordid heartlessness of fashionable entertainments, and the formality of high life. Bereft of superstition, Christmas is then a season of innocent mirth—a pleasing interlude to lighten and beguile the horrors of our inclement winters. It affords a period for the exhibition of hospitable greetings, and the pleasing interchange of good offices, of which, in the country, opportunities are rare. How many innocent hearts rejoice there at anticipating the season and its festivities, whose feelings have never been chilled by the artificial, circulating, and calculating civilities of Metropolitan intercourse. But the humbler ranks have been accused of superstition because the stocking is still thrown, the pod with nine peas hid over the door, and all the little ceremonies so admirably depicted by Burns in his *Hallowe'en* still practised. These, however, are now generally looked upon as a diversion, and few have faith in their efficacy; for in our days the poor have as good common sense as their superiors. These diversions come to them but once a year, and it is to be hoped that they may long continue to practise them. There is not, perhaps, any part of Great Britain in which Christmas is kept so splendidly as in Yorkshire. The din of preparation commences for some weeks before, and its sports and festivities continue beyond the first month of the new year. The first intimation of Christmas, in Yorkshire, is by what are there called the *vessel-cup singers*, generally poor old women, who, about three weeks before Christmas, go from house to house, with a waxen or wooden doll fantastically dressed, and sometimes adorned with an orange, or a fine rosy-tinged apple. With this in their hands, they sing or chaunt an old carol, of which the following homely stanza forms a part:—

God bless the master of this house,

The mistress also,

And all the little children

That round the table go.

The image of the child is, no doubt, intended to represent the infant Saviour; and the vessel-cup is, most probably, the remains of the *wassail-bowl*, which anciently formed a part of the festivities of this season of the year.

Another custom, which commences at the same time as the vessel-cup singing, is that of the poor of the parish visiting all the neighbouring farmers to beg corn, which is invariably given to them, in the quantity of a full pint, at least to each. This is called *mumping*, as is the custom which exists in Bedfordshire, of the poor begging the broken victuals the day after Christmas-day.

Christmas-eve is, in Yorkshire, celebrated in a peculiar manner: at eight o'clock in the evening the bells greet "old father Christmas" with a merry peal, the children parade the streets with drums, trumpets, bells, or perhaps, in their absence, with the poker and shovel, taken from their humble cottage fire; the yule candle is lighted, and

High on the cheerful fire

Is blazing seen th' enormous Christmas brand.

Supper is served, of which one dish, from the lordly mansion to the humblest shed, is, invariably, *furmety**; yule cake, one of which is always made for each individual in the family, and other more substantial viands, are also added. Poor Robin, in his Almanack for the year 1676 (speaking of the winter quarter), says, "and lastly, who would but praise it, because of Christmas, when good cheer doth so abound, as if all the world were made of mincepies, plum-pudding, and *fermety*."—And Brand says, "on the night of this eve our ancestors were wont to light candles of an enormous size, called Christmas candles."

To enumerate all the good cheer which is prepared at this festival, is by no means necessary. In Yorkshire, the *Christmas pie* is still a regular dish, and is regularly served to the higher class of visitants, while the more humble ones are tendered yule cake, or bread and cheese, in every house they

* *Furmety*, from *frumentum*; wheat. It is made of "creed wheat, or wheat which, after being beaten for some time with a wooden mallet, is then boiled and eaten with milk, sugar, nutmeg, &c.

enter during the twelve days of Christmas. The Christmas pie is one of the good old dishes still retained at a Yorkshire table; it is not of modern invention. Allan Ramsay, in his Poems, tells us, that among other baits by which the good ale-wife drew customers to her house, that she never failed to tempt them—

Ay at yule whene'er they came,

A bra' goose-pie.

The Christmas pie of the present day is like that described by Allan Ramsay, and generally consists of a goose, sometimes two, and that with the addition of half-a-dozen fowls.—Such is the existing celebration of Christmas in Yorkshire, and, we believe, in some other parts of England; but these venerable customs are becoming every year less common: the *sending of presents* also, from friends in the country to friends in town at this once cheerful season, is, in a great measure, obsolete: "nothing is to be had for nothing" now; and, without the customary bribe of a *barrel of oysters*, or a basket of fish, we may look in vain for arrivals by the York Fly, or the Norwich Expedition:—

Few presents now to friends are sent,
Few hours in merry-making spent;
Old-fashioned folks there are, indeed,
Whose hogs and pigs at Christmas bleed,
Whose honest hearts no modes refine,
They send their puddings and their chine.

No Norfolk turkeys load the waggon,
Which once the horses scarce could drag on;

And, to increase the weight with these,
Came their attendant *sausages*.
Should we not then, as men of taste,
Revive old customs gone and past?
And (fie for shame!) without reproach,
Stuff, as we ought, the *Bury* coach?
With strange old kindness, send up presents,

Of partridges and dainty pheasants.

GIN-TWIST.

Scott, Byron, and Campbell, Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore,

With of Cockneys and *Lakelites* a list I've printed; but, alas! their productions are poor,

Compared with the lines on gin-twist.

The spirit that breathes through those verses admired,

Dispersing of dulness the mist,
Evines that their author was truly inspired

By his glorious subject, gin-twist.

With rapture I read when they first met
my sight,

Nor once felt inclined to desist

Till I'd swallowed (in fancy, I mean,)
with delight,

A full alehouse quart of gin-twist.

'Twas a vision, and soon I awoke all
forlorn,

And exclaimed (with raised eye and
clenched fist),

Ah! where have I lived? and oh! why
was I born?

Since I can't make a jug of gin-twist.

Now Christmas is coming, when care
turns his back,

And frolicsome lasses are kissed;

How loud were each laugh, and how
hearty each smack,

If I knew how to make this gin-twist.

On the brow of a friend should a frown
but arise,

How easily then 'twere dismissed

With "cast off all clouds, pleasure
seize as it flies,

And here take a drop of gin-twist."

Then should some good fellow the
secret possess,

And me with his knowledge assist,

May he never experience the cutting
distress,

Of longing in vain for gin-twist.

H. L. B.

JANE SHORE.

Jane Shore was daughter of a citizen of London; her youth and beauty being her chief portion, she was induced to marry, much against her inclination, Mr. Matthew Shore, a goldsmith, in Lombard-street, a person extremely rich, but much advanced in years. The fame of this lady, far from being confined within the limits of the city, soon reached the ears of his Majesty; for Edward IV. made his addresses to her and won her. Her husband left England, she repaired to Court, and shone with splendour in the sphere of gaiety and festivity. Historians represent her as extremely beautiful, remarkably cheerful, and of most uncommon generosity. The King, they further tell us, was not less captivated with her temper than her person, for that she never spoke ill of, nor endeavoured to prejudice him against, any one. She often indeed importuned him, but it was ever in behalf of the unfortunate. She scorned to be rewarded for her good offices, and her riches were therefore trifling, when she came to fall into misfortune. By all the accounts we have of this lady,

she had as many excuses for frailty as ever fell to any woman's share. Her mind was formed for magnificence, as her heart was for virtue; both could not be gratified, and virtue sunk in the unequal struggle: yet with so much modesty did she employ the ascendancy she got over Edward, that even the pride of his Queen, the most sensible sufferer, was never offended at their intimacy. The friendship she had gained by her munificence, her benevolence, and affability, had made her considerable, even in the beginning of this reign. Upon the death of Edward it was that her scene of adversity began to shew itself. With the amiable Lord Hastings she continued her unlawful intercourse. But so much was this Nobleman devoted to the love of his Royal master, that never till the death of the King did he discover his passion for the favourite mistress. And now, both she and her Noble Lord began to shew themselves so unalterably devoted to the young King and his brother, as to render themselves objects of hatred to the protector, Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. who looked upon them as the main obstacles of his deep-laid ambition. To give some colour to his proceedings against Hastings, whom he caused suddenly to be beheaded, he directed the Sheriff of London to arrest Mrs. Shore as his accomplice, and sent her to the Tower for examination. But nothing, except her unlawful connection with Edward and Hastings, appearing against her, it was matter of indignation and ridicule to the people, to see the formidable charge of treason and witchcraft terminate in a single penance. This, however, she was obliged to perform on the Sunday morning next following; being brought clothed in a white sheet, by way of procession, from the Bishop of London's palace to St. Paul's church, with the cross carried before her, and a wax-taper in her hand. This sentence she underwent with a behaviour so graceful, but so resigned, that the penalty of her crime became as it were a triumph over her beholders hearts. Nor was her punishment confined to her person only; for the Protector seized the little fortune she had made, about two or three thousand marks, and ordered her house to be rifled. It has been said also, that his hatred pursued her to such extremity, that it was dangerous after this for any one to accommodate her with lodging, or the common necessities of life. Thus

far the generality of historians. There have not been wanting some, however, of a very different opinion, who will not allow Richard to have been the tyrant he is generally represented. They urge that the nation was overwhelmed with ignorance, so that scarce a man in it was able to write except the monks; that these men therefore had it in their power to represent people just as they pleased; that neither Richard II. nor III. were friends to churchmen; that therefore the accounts of such writers cannot strictly be considered as authentic, inasmuch as they may be grounded upon resentment and malice rather than direct fact. It is added, that some of the monks, taking occasion to cry out against the sin of adultery, and exclaiming against Jane Shore, she was delivered over to the spiritual power, and that they laid their own usage to the charge of Richard. Mr. Rowe seems to have built his tragedy upon the foundation of an old historical ballad, which not only adopts the cruel order of Richard, but that she perished with hunger in a loathsome place, since called Shoreditch. Whatever the severity might be that was exercised against her, certain it is she found support, and was alive (and sufficiently wretched) under the reign of Henry VIII. It appears that Sir Thomas More knew her, but, alas! without the least remains of her former beauty. "Proper she was," says this great man, "and fair, nothing in her body you would have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Albeit some that now see her, deem her never to have been well visaged. Whose judgment seemeth to me somewhat like, as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed, by her scalp taken out of the charnel-house: for now she is old, lean, withered, and dried up, nothing left but rylvile skin and hard bone. At this day," says he, "she begged of many, at this day living, that at this day had begged if she had not bene."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ON SHOOTING WITH A LONG BOW.

Oh! wad some pow'r the gifle gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—BURNS.
"Shooting with a long bow" is a figurative expression for a very preva-

lent, but contemptible practice, which I should find it difficult to define in terms more significant or concise than those I have just used. Allow me, however, without a figure, and in plain parlance, to state more at length what is included in the phrase, "Shooting with a long bow." The simple meaning then, is nothing more or less than telling what is not true, and, in consequence, the narrator is a LIAR! Truth is the mark at which he should aim; but the farther he shoots beyond it, or the wider the aim he takes, the longer is the bow which he draws. In the application of this phrase there is, however, one, and only one peculiarity, which, in some degree, may claim the privilege of a saving point, and which it is but fair to mention. The man to whom so odious a description is usually applied, is not a deliberate liar. He would scorn to frame, utter, and circulate, a falsehood which would either directly or indirectly injure the life, the property, or the good name of any individual. It is quite probable that the shooter with the long bow may be free of all malice, or of any tincture of envy, or the spirit of detraction. The sin which so easily besets him is not that of a wicked tongue, seeking to injure and degrade the character or talents of another person, but that of a vain tongue, seeking to exalt himself in his own, and in the opinion of others. At one time, he adds to the truth, at another, he takes from it; now, his statement is founded on fact—now, it is all fiction; but he is at all times, and upon all such occasions, simply burning incense at the shrine of his own vanity, and just mixing truth with falsehood, and facts with fancy, in such proportions as he thinks will best serve to make his acquaintances stare with admiration and astonishment, and think more highly of him than sober truth would warrant. But a question naturally suggests itself here—does he succeed in this? He does not—and let him mark the consequence. After deceiving himself for a long time (his friends being undeceived in a very short time), he finds, to his mortification, that he has deceived nobody but himself, and that the higher he has endeavoured to exalt his character and talents above their true standard, the lower he has sunk them in the estimation of those who have discovered at once his want of modesty and veracity. Making this unpleasant discovery, he begins, when perhaps it is too late, to endeavour to establish

his character upon a better foundation, and to assert his right to what is really his due; but here again he labours under a great disadvantage, for "even if he speak the truth," his statements are received with hesitation and distrust, and he feels, to his cost, the bitter truth contained in the words of the ancient fabulist:—

*Quicumque turpi fraude semel linquit,
Etiam si vera dicit, amittit fidem.*

It is probable enough, that associates, tired of him at last, and disgusted at his narrations, either become shy of his company, or shun him altogether, as they would shun the society of one addicted to habitual intoxication. In the one case, as in the other, Major Longbow has only the alternative of forming a new, but an inferior set of acquaintance. Here, however, old habits return with all the virulence of a relapse in a physical disease. The pampered palate still recurs to the same over-seasoned dainties, for the support of its vanity, as a return to the stimulating liquor affords a temporary freshness and vigour to the parched veins and shattered nerves of the drunkard.

One great misfortune under which the drawer of a long-bow always labours, is, that amongst all his acquaintances, who are of course well aware of his foible, there is in general not one faithful friend to bring the system of self-delusion to an end, by an honest and candid exposure of the folly of feeding his vanity at the expense of sacrificing his character for truth. In such a case, advice would often, perhaps, be well received, if it were faithfully and kindly administered; but it is seldom offered at all, partly through fear of offending, and partly from the pleasure acquaintances feel in enjoying the joke which such a despicable foible affords them. Acquaintances look on, and relish it as a kind of amusement, just as the Philistines made sport of Sampson, or as little urchins amuse themselves with the tipsy citizen, who imagines that he is walking steadily, and straight forward to his home, when, in fact, he is mistaking the breadth of the street for the length of it, and reeling and swaggering at every step.

The test of ridicule I have known applied with effect to stop, at least for the time being, the long-bow-exercise of its pitiable hero, and compel him to shrink within himself, in all the bitter consciousness of detected falsehood; but the ministration of this test requires

a degree of readiness, confidence, and power of imagination, possessed by few, and cannot, therefore, be recommended as a general remedy for this mental, or rather moral disease. The plan is, to give the bow a still stronger pull, or, in plain terms, to narrate a tale in the same strain, but abundantly more extravagant and ridiculous, which is perfectly equivalent to, although it saves one the pain of telling Major Longbow to his face, that he is a fabricator and a liar, and that others, were they so inclined, could fight him with his own weapons, and perhaps surpass him in this dishonourable warfare.

Such a deplorable instance of self-infatuation, as that of the long-bow, demands our sympathy, and calls for remonstrance. The fabricator of a story whose origin is nowhere to be found except in his own imagination, becoming much in love with the ingenious fabrication, he, by some unaccountable process of mental infatuation, actually believes it true, and hence the most unwarrantable prepossessions or prejudices are founded and acted upon, by the victim of this disease, as if they were lightened up into actual existence by the sun-beams of truth.

Another unfortunate case in which the long-bow hero often betrays himself, is a want of consistency and keeping, in many of his fabrications, too precious in his sight to be withheld from his apparently gratified hearers; but it is frequently discovered that memory, not keeping pace with imagination, plays him now and then a slippery trick, and leads him, on one occasion, to relate what happened over three bottles of Madeira with Sir John, and which, at another time, was over five bottles of Claret with My Lord; and what is equally probable, since the former narration, his fertile powers have either supplied a preface, or subjoined an addendum, in which former editions were deficient; all giving ample proof of the force of Tillotson's remark, that "a liar has need of a good memory." Shakspeare has given a felicitous illustration of the case, in Falstaff's "men in buckram."

When a man has thus no friends to inform him of his failings, and is on the brink of ruin, from not knowing their effects on his character and condition, the public is in some measure bound to find friends for him, and to provide for the blindness of his vanity, just as the parish to which he belongs is in duty bound to provide for him in the case of

his becoming a pauper, and being deprived of the means of taking care of, or providing for himself. Who knows what poor infatuated self-approving wight may cast his eyes upon this, and save himself, in future, the degrading appellation of "shooting with a long bow;" amusing some, pitied and despised by others, and degrading himself in the opinion of all.

"To make himself in well-bred tongue prevail,

And little I the hero of each tale!"

As already hinted, I know nothing so effectual as ridicule for curing this moral malady. Remarks so general as the above may not have the desired effect. Should you be pleased, however, to insert these, such as they are, and as a mere opening of the case, I purpose, with your permission, in an early number, to give some specimens of the folly to which I allude; specimens, some of them drawn, and some of them not drawn, from life, but all of them applicable to life, and such as may be useful, without being personally offensive to any one. In pursuance of this plan, I am to write of Fortune's favours showered down in abundance upon the mercantile long-bow drawer;—of ladies favours bestowed upon the all-successful lover;—of the great qualities, riches, personal and political influence, of the friends of the honest plebeian bowman; which shall prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he is no plebeian at all;—of the marvellous adventures by flood and field, and strange crosses and accidents which have befallen the traveller in his journeys through regions unprofaned by the foot of adventure;—in the case of the warrior,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes I' the eminent
deadly breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery;

—of the singular discoveries of the author and critic, to whom the true honour belongs of having written some of the ablest papers in the Reviews and Magazines of the day, and some of the best anonymous effusions in our "floating literature;"—and of the extraordinary precocity of talent in the childhood of others, and their no less astonishing prowess after arriving at the years of discretion. Such are my honest intentions, and

"If I one soul improve, I have not
wrote in vain."

SIMON SHORT-BOW.

Edinburgh Magazine.

THE OLD SEAMAN.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I like a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket; frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing: but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship's name; or, if men wear wooden shoes, he will drub them for it, though he should get a leg made of the same leather. Talk of "our Wives and Liberties,"—he will fight for "Doll of Wapping," and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it, he would rather win rolls of pig-tail; and as for palms—"Palman qui meruit ferat,"—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim: but he is a Dryad up to the knees; and, so far, he will not die like "*all flesh*." Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him?—he is a Stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded, but not watered, for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it. He looks like a human peg-top; you might spin him with a coil of cable. Talk of your improved rollers, and drilling machines, and sowing machines—he is the best dibble for potatoes—but that will soon enough be discovered of him when he comes to his parish. One of his arms too is a fin: and he has lost an eye. It is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gunpowder. He was in the Spitfire, off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he came down again he was half dead and half blind; one window, as he said, was as dark as night; but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye—arm—leg—are trifles to him: one, indeed, is a standing jest. He often takes off his wooden leg. Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher: he is proud even of his misfortunes. Whilst others bewail their scratches, and plaister their razor cuts, he throws open his blue jacket, and shows the deep furrowed scars, and exclaims, "Talk not to me of *scams*!"

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in the comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds—and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wide sea. "He is," says Sir T. Overbury, "a pitch pecc

of reason, sailst and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests."—He has encountered shrieking hurricanes—billows, like mountains with the white sheep a-top—and rocks, like the door-posts of death! He has circumvented the quicksand, and been too cunning for the deep! Wind, wave, rock, showers of shot, bayonet and cutlass, he has withstood them all, either by force or skill. What a fine flesh and blood trophy—(and some wood too)—is he of various victory! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon—his old adversaries—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured? We "love him for the dangers he has passed;" as the gentle Desdemona loved her husband, the Moor, the more he recounted of his perils. He can talk too of—

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n—
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him: but on the other hand he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius, or *Ætna*, as it is written and witnessed upon oath in his log-book. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails, and he will believe you; for he knows that cod-fish are so taken. He has great faith in the Kraken. If you will credit him, he has hooked one larger than the seas bottom, with the best bower anchor; and he has seen the Sea-Serpent and the Mermaid. Some at least of his wonders he can show you: he has a flying-fish in his chest, and a young dolphin—besides cockroaches, which eat up one's linen in the West Indies; but the blue shark he has given to a friend. The green parrot too he has parted with, but with more kindness than discretion; for he sent it to an old aunt, and she was pleased with the gift; but the bird, it turned out, blasphemed, and she was still more shocked at the giver. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and above all, his residence amongst the savages; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them, as he says, d—d good ones too! On this matter he is frequent; won to it, perhaps, by the remembrance of the flattering court

paid him by the great king, *Ben Tooa*, and the pearly smiles of the black princesses. Only on one subject is he more eloquent:—his ship! There he luxuriates: there he talks poetry! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray—speaking pastorally—like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking, or close-hauled, or under bare poles, there is none can compare with her. To see her in full dress—sky-scrapers, and royals, and stud-sails, is to fancy one of those lady-ships, who from Trojan galleys were changed into sea-nymphs;—

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

For all that he has endured, our mariner has only been made a gunner's mate; but "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle." Poor Bill was not a spoon-bill. He was brought up to the sea; for he was born on board ship, cradled on the ocean, schooled in the fleet, and should have married a mermaid; but, as the tale goes, she jilted him, and he took up with Nancy Dawson, with whom he fell in love because she was so like the ship's figure-head. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the *Agamemnon*: at fourteen he was taken in the *Vengeur*; and at thirty he was blown up in the *Spitfire*. What a sea-fortune! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor—as his good mother sometimes advised him—*threw up the sea*. He was never sick of it. At last, in the engagement off *Trafalgar*, under the immortal Nelson, he lost his arm by a shot; but, binding it up, he persisted in remaining upon deck, if it were only, as he said, to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey; but he will not confess to age: "it is through going to the North Pole," he says, "for there the hares turn white in Winter." Such a fragment as he would be a fit inmate of the noble hospital at *Greenwich*—but he is an out-pensioner, and wanders through the country; he preferred it. It was at a farmhouse in *Berkshire* that I met with him, and learned these snatches of his history. The dogs barked, as they will do at a beggar; the people of the house said "There comes old Bill!" and in came this Aun-

cient Marthere, thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little gray twinkling eye; but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and warranted "to keep in any climate," but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin were sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers; and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world "at defiance; and he thought it hard he could not have them. "Have you no parish?" asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. "Parish!—aye to be sure I have," said the old tar, "every man has his parish—but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and cango about picking where he pleases." "But they will relieve you."—"Aye, aye, I know that," said the sailor, shaking his head; "they offered me as good as eight shilling a week if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into their House of Correction—but I liked my liberties better." "But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel!"—"Soup and gruel," said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths: "soup and gruel!—what! a man here that has fought for his king and country, and lost his precious limbs, and has ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that beer to sop my crust in."—*London Magazine.*

The Robelist.

No. VI.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his boat was dragged away deep under the sea;

and in drawing up, he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live: I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for any thing?" said the wife. "No," said the man, "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch; do go back, and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

"O man of the sea!

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Has sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage. "Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlour, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a court-yard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!" "We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Every thing went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage, the court-yard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and

tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be content with the cottage." "Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly; go along, and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy; and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it and said,

"O man of the sea!

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home then," said the fish, "she is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the court-yard were stables and cow-houses. "Well!" said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife, "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds;" so they went to bed.

The next morning when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad day-light, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "Why should we wish to be king? I will not be king." "Then I will," said Alice. "But wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try; I will be king!" So the man went away quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark grey colour, and was covered with foam as he cried out,

"O man of the sea!

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish. "Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king." "Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?" "Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have any thing more to wish for." "I don't know how that may be," said she, "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor." "Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing." "I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!" So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask, the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said,

"O man of the sea!

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish. "Ah," said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and her attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes,

and ears: and the fisherman went up to her and said, "wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor; I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope, go and try him." So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully; in the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but towards the south it was all red as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together: but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ay!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish, "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the Church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rush-light. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "Are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater." "I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed: but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At

this she was very angry, and she awakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much, that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them; and the fisherman said,

"O man of the sea!

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now," said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

Miscellanies.

THE SHAKERS.

Among the numerous sects in the United States, there is one which for extravagance of action, during their orisons, is certainly pre-eminent. These people are called *Shakers*. The first society was formed at Harvard, in the state of Massachusetts, by Ann Lesse, who denominated herself their *mother*; and she associated herself with William Leese, her *natural* brother as her *second*; John Parkinson, who had formerly been a baptist preacher in England, the chief speaker; and James Whittaker, second speaker.

These people had converts in numbers, and from distant parts, who laid up stores of provisions for such as tarried at Harvard. Their meetings, which continued day and night for a considerable time, consisted of preaching, singing, and dancing: the men in one apartment, the women in another. These meetings were attended by converts from a great distance, who stayed from two to twenty days. They had missionaries in the country making proselytes, and con-

firming others in this fancied millenium state. Those were taught to be very industrious at home, that they might be able to contribute to the general fund, and many devoted their whole substance to the society. They vary their exercises of devotion. Sometimes they dance, or rather jump up and down in a heavy manner till they are exhausted by the violence of the exercise. The chief speaker will sometimes begin to pray, they then desist to listen to him, and when he has finished, immediately renew their dancing with increased vigour. Then generally follows the shaking, as if shuddering under an ague, from which they have received the name of shakers. They sing praises to David during the dancing; but I could not learn what holy man or saint they invoke in their shaking fits. The women are equally employed in the fatigues of these exercises under the eye of the mother in another apartment, where they jump and scream in dreadful concert. Sometimes there will be short intermissions, but in a minute or two, one of the chiefs will spring up, crying, "as David danced, so will we before God;" the others follow this signal; and thus, alternately dancing, praying, and singing, they pass night after night, and often until morning. Mother Leese's followers have formed societies at New Lebanon and Hancock, in the state of New York and in other parts. The shakers who call themselves believers, are spreading with enthusiastic rapidity.

THE TREAD MILL.

This Brixton Mill's a fearful ill,
And he who brought the Bill in,
Is threaten'd by the *cribbing* coves,
That he shall have a *mill*ing.
They say he shew'd a simple pate,
To think of felons mending:
As every *step* which here they take,
They're still in crime *uscending*.
And when releas'd and in the streets,
Their former snares they're spreading,
They swear 'tis Parliament, which wills
They must their old ways *tread in*.
The Radicals begin to think
'Twill touch the Constitution,
For as the *wheel* moves round and round,
It brings a *Revolution*.
But though these snarlers shew their
And try to vex the nation, [teeth,
Their actions soon are *tried and judg'd*,
And *grinding* is their station.

The *Gambling-swells*, who near St. James'

Have play'd their double dealings,
Say 'tis not fair that Bow-street should
Thus work upon their feelings.

Tom, Jerry, Logic, three prime sprigs,
Find here they cannot come it;
For though their *fancy* soars aloft,
They ne'er will reach the *summit*.

Corinthian Kate and buxom Sue
Must change their *warm* direction,
For if they make one *false step* more
They'll have *Cold Bath Correction*.

The moon-struck youths who haunt the stage,

And spend their masters' siller,
Must here play to another tune,
'Tis called the *Dusty Miller*.

Ye bits of blood, (the watchman's dread)

Who love to floor a *charley*,
As you delight to strip and fight,
Come forth and *mill* the *barley*.

John Barleycorn's a stout old blade,
As ever man put trust in,
And you will make no *meal* of him,
But he'll give you a *dusting*.

But here we'll stay, for *puns*, they say,
Are bad as stealing purses,
And I to Brixton may be sent,
To *grind* some *flowry* verses.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A PHYSICIAN.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by the ingenious Paul Whitehead to his friend Dr. Thompson, at that time Physician to Frederick Prince of Wales—a man of wit, learning, liberality; but so great a sloven that he seldom had his shoes cleaned, which he generally bought at a Yorkshire warehouse, wore them till his feet came through the leather, then shook them off at the same place, and purchased a new pair. And thus he did with all his other habiliments:—

"Let not the soil of a preceding day be ever seen on your linen; since your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy scarcity of shirts, than to any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

"Let not father Time's dilapidations be discovered in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your stockings than the weaver intended; that your shoes preserve the symmetry of two heels; and that your gaiters betray no poetical insignia; for it will be generally concluded that

he has very little to do with the repair of others' constitutions, who is unable to preserve that of his own apparel.

"Let your wig always swell to the true college dimensions; and as frequently as possible let the Apothecary bob give way to the Graduate tie; for, what notable recommendation the head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable full-bottoms of the bench may determine.

"Thus dressed, let your chariot be always ready to receive you; nor be ever seen trudging the streets with an Herculean oak, and bemired to the knees; since an equipage so unsuitable to a sick lady's chamber, will be apt to induce a belief that you have no summons thither.

"Forbear to haunt cook-shops, hedge-alehouses, cyder-cellars, &c. and to display your oratory in those inferior regions; for, however this may agree with your philosophical character, it will by no means enhance your physical one.

"Never stay telling a long story in a coffee-house, when you may be writing a short recipe in a patient's chamber; and prudently consider, that the first will cost you sixpence, while the last will gain you a guinea.

"Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with at noon; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night; for the sick are apt to be peevish and impatient; and remember that suffering a patient to want you is the ready way for you to want a patient.

"Be mindful of all messages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your industry equal your abilities: then shall your physical persecutors become abashed, and the legions of Warwick-Lane and Blackfriars shall not be able to prevail against you."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

SINGULAR ROBBERY.—The coins deposited by the hand of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Chester within the foundation-stone of the new church at Ashton-under-Lyne, were a few months since very ingeniously extracted from the cavity of the stone, and a scrap of paper, containing the following lines, was found in the place of them:—

"This stone the curious fact revealed,
"That various coins were here concealed;

"And told the world in language fair,
"A Bishop's hand had placed them there!

"To make such information known,
"It must have been a clever stone;
"So clever—that it p'rhaps can say,
"Who 'twas that stole the coins away."

AMERICAN JEU D'ESPRIT.—A gentleman, by the name of Wellesley (according to the English Papers), has unfortunately been so simple as to lose at sport the trifling estate of 80,000*l.* per annum; and, what is still more distressing, has been obliged to retire to Paris, to struggle for a livelihood, on his wife's miserable jointure of 7,000*l.* or 31,000 dollars per annum—not above 6,000 dollars more than our President receives. To add still further to his distress and mortification, some of his creditors have been ruthless and unfeeling enough to seize upon a few moveables found at his country residence, among which articles they had the meanness to expose to public sale a mahogany *boot-jack*, which only brought the paltry sum of 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; besides stripping his windows of their curtains, a pair of which sold for no more than 94*l.* 10*s.*! —Hard as adamant must be that heart which refuses to bleed at the bare recital of the above distresses! The sufferings among the poor in Ireland, in contrast, may be considered as a mere flea-bite.

ANECDOTE.

The Mother has forgot her first-born pledge

To dream of one beneath a distant sky;

When, lo! the child has gain'd the cliff's loose edge!

Oh, stir not!—speak not!—or the boy must die!

With all a mother's love, she bar'd her panting breast,

The Infant saw it—sought it—and was saved and blest!

Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamented the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think," (said Garrick) "I could make his face," which he did accordingly. "For Heaven's sake hold, David," (said Hogarth) "remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection, and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of *Tom Jones*.

Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton, the manner in which physicians were paid in England; when, after some difficulty, his Majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians; I have four to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are very short."

"RUMS IS RIZ;—BUT SUGAR'S FELL."
This memorable exclamation, which is appropriated with good effect by the facetious Mathews, originated in the *Liverpool Mercury*, where it stands thus:

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Doleful o'ertook his friend the other day,
And with his dismal tales begull'd the way;
Nothing was "stiff'ning—rising—up"
he said,
But all was "drooping—falling—flat—
down—dead."
At length, a most desponding theme he got on,
Lamenting bitterly the fate of Cotton;
"Aye! aye!" says Cheerly, with complacent phiz,
"Cottons is fell, for sure—but Rums is riz."

GAY.—Our readers are aware that Gay, the poet, was a native of Barnstable. A few months since, at a public sale in that town, a curiously formed arm-chair was purchased by a gentleman, which appears incontestibly to have belonged to that poet. On examination of this piece of furniture, a drawer was discovered under the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller private drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out; and within it were found various documents and interesting papers, which appear to have been deposited there by the poet himself, many of them being in his handwriting. The chair seems admirably constructed for meditative ease and literary application.

THE LITTLE BUTCHERS TO THE GREAT.—The butchers of Ghent are divided into two classes. When Napoleon once visited that city, the little Butchers, as they are called, erected a

triumphal arch in his honour, with the following inscription, which we give in the original French: "*Les petits Bouchers de Grand a Napoleon le Grand!*" This unlucky equivoque was by no means agreeable to Napoleon le Grand!

MAGNANIMITY.—A miller's dog broke his chain; the miller ordered his maid-servant to tie him up again.—She was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries, the miller and his people ran to her assistance. "Keep off!" said she, shutting the door, "the dog is mad. I am already bitten, and must chain him up alone." Notwithstanding his biting, she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her chamber, and with the noblest resignation prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out, and she died in a few days. The dog was killed without doing any further mischief.

An eccentric barber some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench Prison. The windows being broken when he entered, he mended them with paper, on which appeared "Shave for a Penny," with the usual invitation to customers, and over the door was scrawled these lines:

"Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England
Almost—not quite."

Foote (who loved any thing eccentric) saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a pane into the shop, called out "Is Jemmy Wright at home?" The barber immediately forcing his own through another pane into the street, replied, "No, Sir, he has just popped out." Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

Charles Bannister, that inveterate punster, coming into a coffee-house one stormy night, said, he never saw such a wind! "Saw a wind," replied a friend, "what was it like?" "Like," answered Charles, "to have blown my hat off."

A Physician seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, told him, it was the worst enemy he had. "I know that," replied Charles; "but you know we are commanded by Scripture to love our enemies."

A gentleman who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn several days, previous to his departure desired to have a bill, which being brought him, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having so many bottles of wine. "Please, your Honour, (cried Pat) read how many they charge to my account." The gentleman began, "One bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto"—"Stop, stop," (cried Pat) they are cheating you. I know I had some of their port, but I did not taste a drop of their ditto."

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—This immense and mighty Empire is at present thus constituted:

England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and their adjacent Islands, Gibraltar, Malta, Ionian Islands, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast, St. Helena, Ascension Island, Cape of Good Hope, Algoa Bay Colony, Mauritius, Bombay and its dependencies, Ceylon, Madras, &c. Bengal, &c. Singapore, New Holland, Island of Van Diemen, Demerara, Jamaica, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Grenada, Dominica, and other Islands; Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Canadas, Heligoland, Bencoolen, and Prince of Wales's Island.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We feel much obliged to N. S. Y. not only for his valuable communication, which shall have insertion in our next, but for his kind offer of further services, of which we shall always be glad to avail ourselves.

S. T. in our next. The suggestion of Mr. Jones is under consideration.

We thank W. S. W. for his obliging offer, but we have some doubts whether we should put the ingenuity of our readers to the test of solving riddles. We shall be glad to receive the articles he offers, but beg the favour of his completing every subject in one letter.

We are obliged to Tom Tobykin for his "modest offer of service and a trivial morsel of wholesome advice." His communication is very good, but the 'Mirror' is not a review. We wish to pluck the roses of literature without pricking ourselves with the thorns.

On the subject of advice, our correspondents have been most liberal; and although it would be quite impossible to adopt all their suggestions, yet they may be assured we respect them all, and shall spare no exertion to render our little work as good as it is cheap.

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